

MAGNO OUT
TO KILL DAVEY!
SEE PAGE 3 PG.

SUPER-MYSTERY

10¢

COMICS



CRAMMED WITH POUNDING EXCITEMENT
FROM COVER TO COVER

MAGNO AND DAVEY



WITH THOUSANDS OF THE POLICE IN THE ARMED FORCES, WITH PARENTS WORKING DAY AND NIGHT IN WAR FACTORIES, THE YOUTH OF THE NATION FOUND ITSELF SUDDENLY LOOSE! SOME YOUNG PEOPLE FIND USEFUL CHANNELS FOR THEIR RESTLESS ENERGIES, OTHERS FALL UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF CRIME! THUS MAGNO AND DAVEY ONCE MORE BATTLE THE CLOWN IN "APPRENTICES FOR MURDER!"



"TAKE YOUR SUPPER, DO YOUR HOMEWORK AND GO TO SLEEP EARLY, SON!"

"SURE, MOM, SURE! DO A GOOD JOB ON THEM PEEPS"



IT'S THE GANG!





IN FACT SO GOOD THAT I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU YOUR FIRST BIG JOB! A JOB SO BIG YOU'LL HAVE TO CARRY A GUN!

GEE!

WOW!

A GUN!



BOY WE'RE REALLY GETTING TO BE BIG SHOTS BUT—ER—THIS GUN WON'T BE LOADED WILL IT, BOSS?

OF COURSE NOT! NOT WITH REAL BULLETS, BUT WITH SLUGS! I DON'T WANT TO REALLY HURT ANYONE!

GEE! THAT'S GOOD!



WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE WORKING ON, BOSS?

THAT? THAT'S A SHORT RANGE DE-MAGNETIZING RAY! AN INVENTION TO MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR ME TO CAPTURE AND KILL

MAGNO AND DAVEY! THE ONLY STUMBLING BLOCKS BETWEEN ME AND THE GREATEST BARRAGE OF CRIME!



MAGNO AND DAVEY! WOW!

GEE, YOU'RE GOING TO KILL THEM!

PLEASURABLY! ONCE THEIR HANDS GET ONTO THESE POLES—AND I THROW THIS SWITCH—POOF! THEY'RE HELPLESS!



BUT HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET THEIR HANDS OUT OF BACK ON THE POLES?

THAT IS ONE DETAIL TO BE WORKED OUT. BE HERE TOMORROW NIGHT AT NINE! I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR INSTRUCTIONS. HERE'S YOUR CUT!

THANKS, BOSS!



NEXT DAY AFTER SCHOOL, MAGNO AND DAVEY P. L. DAVEY—

OH THERE YOU ARE! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU THREE!

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, SQUIRT?

YEAH? SPILL IT! WE AIN'T GOT TIME TO WASTE ON SMALL FRY!



I UNDERSTAND YOUR PARENTS ARE WORKERS ON NIGHT SHIFT?

SO WHAT?

WHAT'S IT TO YUH?



WELL I'M IN A COMMITTEE FOR SUPERVISED ACTIVITIES FOR CHILDREN OF WISE WORKERS 'D LIKE YOU TO JOIN OUR BASKET BALL TEAM!

BASKET BALL! US? HAW! HAW!



SCRAM! JOK! WE DON'T WANT NONE OF YOUR SUPERVISED ACTIVITIES!

CHILDREN HE CALLS US CHILDREN!

COMARDS! YELLOW!



CERTAINLY YOU'RE CHILDREN! LITTLE YELLOW COWARDLY CHILDREN! AND YOU COULD USE BASKET BALL!

IT WOULD BUILD UP YOUR ANKLES SO YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO BE COMARDS!

WE'LL SHOW YOU A COUPLA THINGS!



WELL GO AHEAD! START SHOWING!



I'M STILL WAITING! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE THINGS YOU WERE GOING TO SHOW ME!

OW!



GOSH! WHAT A WALLOP FOR A LITTLE GUY!

SEE WHAT I MEAN? NOW DO YOU THINK YOU'LL BE INTERESTED IN BASKET BALL?

YOU DON'T KNOW WHO YOU STARTED UP WITH!

YEAH! WELL I'M YOUR WAGON!



THAT NIGHT...

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THAT KID BEATING UP THE THREE OF US THIS AFTERNOON?

I DUNNO, MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING TO THAT BASKET-BALL BUSINESS!

BYE, DAWG!







MEANWHILE ..

BOSS! BOSS! THAT GUN YOU GAVE US WAS LOADED! I'VE KILLED A COP!

KILLED A COP! NOW ISN'T THAT TOO BAD? I WONDER WHO COULD HAVE LOADED THE GUN?



BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT AS LONG AS YOU DO AS I SAY AND DON'T ASK TOO MANY QUESTIONS I WON'T TELL THE POLICE ABOUT YOU!

B-BUT I KILLED A COP! I'M A MURDERER!



FOR THAT MATTER YOU'RE ALL EQUALLY GUILTY BUT I

BOSS! BOSS! MAGNAD! I JUST SAW MAGNAD! HE WAS IN THE POLICE STATION AND NOW HE'S HEADS FOR OUR HOUSES LOOKING FOR US!



GOOD! THEN WE'LL GO RIGHT TO YOUR HOUSE CLIP AND MAKE IT EASY FOR HIM TO FIND YOU!

WHAT!



THAT'S RIGHT! BUT FIRST TO SEE THESE POLES WHERE HE'S PRETTY CERTAIN TO GET HIS HANDS ON THEM!



HERE HE COMES!

GOOD! BETTER DO AS I TOLD YOU REMEMBER I'LL BE WATCHING!

YEAH, DON'T WORRY! WE'LL DO JUST AS YOU SAID!



YOU CLIP MORGAN?

YEAH, WHAT'S IT TO YOU NOT SHOT?

HEPNTY! YOU'RE COMING
TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS
WITH ME TO TELL
EVERYTHING YOU KNOW
ABOUT A CERTAIN GUN!

DON'T MAKE
US LAUGH! IF
YOU WANT US
TO SEE THE
COPS YOU'LL
HAVE TO TAKE
US THERE!

OKAY! THAT CAN
BE ARRANGED!

PERFECT!

WH-?

30! THE MIGHTY
MAGNO IS PARALYZED!
YOU CAN SEE ME! BUT YOU
CAN'T MOVE! (AND ALL
BECAUSE MY DE-
MAGNETIZING RAY HAS
TURNED YOUR OWN
MAGNETIC POWERS
AGAINST YOU!)

MEANWHILE BACK AT
POLICE HEADQUARTERS

I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING
MAGNO? HE SAID HE'D
BE BACK IN AN HOUR!
IT'S THREE HOURS NOW,
AND STILL NO SIGN
OF HIM!

AND I'LL KEEP
YOU THIS WAY
UNTIL I GET MY
HANDS ON YOUR
BRAT PALDOWEY!
C'MON BOYS! TO
THE HIDEOUT!





HE MIGHT HAVE RUN INTO TROUBLE 'MAYBE HE NEEDS HELP THIS VERY MOMENT 'WHILE NO ONE'S AROUND I'LL USE A LITTLE OF MY 'MAGNETIC STRENGTH'

THERE, THE BARS ARE AS GOOD AS NOW, NOW TO VISIT CLIP MORGAN AND HIS COOKIES!



HEY! HERE COMES TH' BASKETBALL JOKE!

WE'LL GRAB HIM, BIFF, AND TAKE HIM TO TH' BOSS!



GET HIM!

WHAT'S THIS?



C'MON! LAY IT ON HIM!

SURE THING! WE CAUGHT MAGNO FOR TH' BOSS, WE OUGHTA BE ABLE TO POLISH OFF THIS LITTLE SQUIRT!

GOCK!



THEY CAUGHT MAGNO! -- THEN I'LL LET THEM GET ME --- THEY'LL LEAD ME TO MAGNO AND THE 'BOSS'!



I GIVE UP! I GIVE UP!

GRAX SMALL FRY! NOW COME ALONG WITH US OR WE'LL GIVE YOU MORE OF TH' SAME!



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE
BLACKPETH'S DAVEY SHEDS HIS
OUTER GARMENTS

CLIP! HE JUMPER BETWEEN THE
CLOWN AND ME! TOOK THE
BULLETS INTENDED FOR ME!



NOW RAT! YOU'RE
GOING TO GET
YOURSELF!

DAVEY!

IT'S DAVEY
MAGNUS RAT!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT
YOU'VE DONE TO MAGNUS,
BUT THIS IS PART
REVENGE!

AND THAT'S THE
LAST OF THEM!

C'MON BIFF! LET'S GET
INTO THIS! THAT CLOWN
RAT SHOT CLIFF! HE'S GOT
PLENTY COMING FROM US!



LOOK OUT!
GET OUT OF
MY WAY!

WH...?
OH!

THANKS! OUT OF THE
WAY! I'LL ATTEND
TO YOU LATER!







THE BATTLE OVER MAGNO AND DAVEY DASH TO CLIP'S SIDE!

HE GOT SHOT TRYING TO SAVE ME, MAGNO. WE GOTTA SAVE HIM! WE GOTTA!

TAKE IT EASY, KID! HE GOT IT IN THE STOMACH, BUT PLenty OF OUR SOLDIERS HAVE GOTTEN IT WORSE AND HAVE LIVED TO TALK ABOUT IT!



A SHORT WHILE LATER ---

WHAT ABOUT IT, DOCTOR?

HE'LL LIVE - HE'LL BE GOOD AS NEW IN 4 MONTHS!

GEE! THAT'S SWELL!



A FEW DAYS LATER ---

YOUR HONOR, THESE BOYS AREN'T CRIMINALS! THEY ARE JUST LOST IN A WORLD AT WAR! THEIR PARENTS ARE WORKING, THEIR OLDER BROTHERS ARE IN THE SERVICE AND AWAY FROM HOME. THE POLICE ARE SHORT-HANDED BECAUSE 20 PERCENT OF THEIR MEN ARE AT WAR!



THEY'RE NOT BAD, MERELY MISGUIDED. GIVE THEM RECREATIONAL FACILITIES TO WORK OFF THEIR ENERGY AND THEY'LL GROW UP TO BE USEFUL CITIZENS. I ASK THE COURT TO RELEASE THEM IN MY CUSTODY!

REQUEST GRANTED AND GOOD LUCK!



AND STILL LATER ---

GEE, CLIP, WE DON'T KNOW HOW YOU'VE GON TO TAKE IT, BUT WE ALL SIGNED UP SUPERVISED RECREATION - AN' WE GOT A PRESENT FOR YOU --

A BASKET BALL! WHY YOU DOPES!



DON'T YOU KNOW THAT BY THE TIME I GET WELL IT'LL BE THE BASEBALL SEASON? SO I GOT THE DOPES TO GET ME A CATCHER'S MITT! GUY WHO'S A TEAM WE'LL HAVE!

ATTA BOY CLIP!



MAGNO AND DAVEY APPEAR IN EVERY ISSUE OF 4 FAVORITES! ORDER YOUR COPY NOW

Mr Risk

TINY ACCIDENTS GROW INTO
MIGHTY OARS... SMALL
HUNCHES DEVELOP INTO
FANTASTIC SCHEMES...
WAS THIS HUNCH OF
MR RISK MERELY A
FORLORN IDEA, OR WAS
HIS INTUITION LEADING
HIM INTO THE PATH OF
A CRIME SYNDICATE
WHERE HIS ONLY ESCAPE
COULD BE ---- DEATH ?



NIGHT--AND MR RISK, THE MAN WHO KNOWS NO
FEAR, AND HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT, ABOLU, ROAM
THE STREETS OF A LONELY WATERFRONT....

IT IS THE SMALL CLUE WHICH ESCAPES
EVERYONE'S NOTICE THAT SOLVES
MOST CRIME CASES! IT IS OFTEN THE
HUNCH LEADING FROM NOWHERE, THAT
SPRINGS THE VITAL TRAP WHICH
CATCHES THE CRIMINAL!







WE FOLLOWED ONE HUNCH AND IT TOOK US THIS FAR! LET'S FOLLOW ANOTHER! SAY THE MAN IN THE BOAT WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET OUR FRIEND WITH THE BOX— WE INTERFERED AND THE BOAT-MAN FLED! THE ONE WITH THE BOX CLIMBED BACK AFTER WE LEFT SWIPEDA CAR AND DEPARTED— WHY?— WHERE?



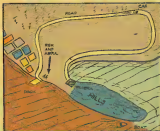
"WHERE" IS SIMPLE. MASTER— TO SAME PLACE BOAT IS GOING! IT CARRY LITTLE GASOLINE! COULD NOT GO FAR!

RIGHT! THE ONLY PLACE IN THE DIRECTION HE WAS GOING WHICH HE COULD REACH IS THE HIDE-HO RIVERA, CLOSED SINCE THE WAR STARTED



YES, MASTER! IT CAN BE REACHED BY ROAD OR WATER! BUT THE QUICKEST IS AFOOT, IF ONE IS SURE-FOOTED!

OKAY! WE STARTED THE THING, LET'S FINISH IT!



IF WE'RE FAST ENOUGH WE MAY BEAT THEM! THERE!

-- AND DOES HUNCH SAY WHAT WE FIND IF WE DO?



NOTHING DEFINITE, EXCEPT EXCITEMENT! LOOK! THE CAR BEAT US THERE!

YES! BUT WE WERE FASTER THAN THE BOAT!





AFTER JUDGING THEM, MURDER AND BOB CHANGE CLOTHES WITH THE TWO MEN...







HELP! KEEP HITLER'S GANG AWAY FROM OUR SHORES BY PUTTING ALL YOUR MONEY INTO

WAR
STAMPS
AND
BONDS

HAP HAZARD



NEWS! WE GOTTA HAVE NEWS! WHAT HAVE I GOT HERE, A BUNCH OF GROCERY CLERKS OR A STAFF OF NEWSPAPER MEN? OH! THIS GOIT IS KILLING ME!

BUT CHIEF, WE DON'T MAKE THE NEWS, WE CAN ONLY REPORT IT AS IT HAPPENS!



NUTS! IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS REPORTERS MADE THE NEWS! IF THINGS DON'T HAPPEN, THEY MADE THEM HAPPEN!

DON'T I HAVE ONE GENUINE NEWSPAPERMAN IN THIS ENTIRE OFFICE?

GEE! THAT SOUNDS LIKE OPPORTUNITY!

I CAN MAKE NEWS!

YOU! GET TO WORK WITH THAT FLOOR MANICURE BEFORE I—







YOU'RE A WHAT? YOU'RE
NOTHING AROUND HERE!
YOU'RE FIRED! YOU'RE
FINISHED! IF I EVER SEE
YOU AROUND HERE
AGAIN, SO HELP ME, I'LL--
GET OUT OF MY EIGHT!
OW! MY GOUT!

THAT'S MY REWARD FOR
GIVING THE BEST YEARS
OF MY LIFE!

BEAT IT,
BWA!



COMMON PAL! COME OUT OF IT!
SAY! HE'S NOT DRUNK!
HE'S DEAD! HEY, OFFICER!

OH, ANOTHER! SINCE THE
LIQUOR SHORTAGE THE
BOOTLEGGERS HAVE GONE
INTO BUSINESS AGAIN--
POISON BOOZE IS KNOCK-
ING THESE SUCKERS OFF
LIKE FLIES!









LAUGHS AND THRILLS GALORE WITH MAP HAZARD IN EVERY ISSUE OF SUPER MYSTERY!



The SWORD



GOLD PPP IT WARPS THE MIND - DRIVES MEN CRAZY. CRAZY MEN DO DEEDS OF BARBARIC AND HERCULEAN. IT'S A DISEASE - A PLAGUE 'T SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE, AND IN ITS PATH FOLLOW THE DEAD FROM HONESTY, FAMILIES, PEACE, ORDER, AND DEATH! MORGANA KNOWS WHAT THE LUST FOR GOLD COULD DO 'T COULD DRIVE MEN FROM THEIR HOMES, FROM THEIR FARMS, FROM THE FACTORIES - DRIVE MEN FROM THEIR VITAL JOBS OF DEFENDING THE ARD - AND FOR EVERY MINUTE LOST IN THE HOME-FRONT BATTLE OF PRODUCTION, ANOTHER AMERICAN SOLDIER DIES IN THE BATTLE FOR FREEDOM.



WHY ARE YOU SO WORRIED, DAD?

I CAN'T TELL YOU NOW, ARTHUR. WAIT UNTIL WE ARE IN PRIVACY ABOARD THE TRAIN!



THE NATION'S WAR PLANTS HAVE EXHAUSTED THEIR SUPPLY OF POLYDENDRUM, A SUBSTANCE NEEDED FOR THE HARDENING OF STEEL! OUR EXPLORES HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO DISCOVER ANY MORE SOURCES, AND OUR SCIENTISTS HAVE NOT BEEN ABLE TO FIND A SUBSTITUTE!



SOON, ALL OUR WAR PRODUCTION WILL HAVE TO BE WITH-OUT IT!

WELL, THAT'S TOO BAD!



IT MEANS OUR GUNS AND TANKS AND PLANES WILL HAVE TO BE INFERIOR QUALITY! THUS MORE OF OUR BOYS WILL DIE IN BATTLE!

GOSH! THEN YOU REALLY HAVE SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT, SAY, LOOK OUT THERE!



DON'T THEY LOOK FAMILIAR?

NO! I CAN'T SAY, I RECOGNIZE THEM, PROBABLY JUST SOME LOCAL FOLKS!

TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T RECOGNIZE THEM AND LAKE FOR THESE ARE YOUR SWORN ENEMIES THE ENIGMS OF ALL FREE PEOPLE. THEY ARE MORGAN AND HER HENCHMEN, THE HUN AND BOTH THE MOST FORMIDABLE NAZIS EVER TO SET FOOT IN AMERICA—



THAT HA! NO JAIL CAN HOLD US!

WHY WE ESCAPE WE KILL ALL AMERICANS!

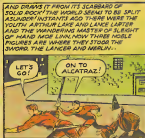
NO! NO JAIL CAN HOLD US BUT NO LONG AS THE SWORD LANCER AND MERLIN ARE IN REACH WE ARE FUGITIVES THAT FLEE FROM CITY TO CITY!



WE MUST GET FAR AWAY FROM OUR ENEMIES. LET THEM THINK WE ARE GONE OR DEAD. THEN WE CAN MAKE NEW PLANS TO DESTROY AMERICA AND KILL OUR FELLOW!

WHY! WE'LL BE FELLOW!

WELL, MY LUCK!



ARMED MEN WHO TRIED
TO STOP THEM----
MUTILATED!

MORGANA AND
HER BULLY-BOYS!

THEY KILL FOR
THE SHEER JOY
OF INFLECTING
PAIN AND DEATH!

THERE, ON SHEER WALL THAT
EVEN A FLY WOULD HAVE
TROUBLE SCALING--A PIECE OF
CLOTH FROM ONE OF THEIR
COSTUMES!

THIS IS THEIR
ESCAPE ROUTE
ALRIGHT!

A SHOE!
MORGANA'S!

THRU' MILES
OF DANGEROUS
CURRENTS--THRU'
SHARK INFESTED
WATERS WHERE
EVEN A BOAT
HAS DIFFICULTY--
THEY SWAM TO
FREEDOM!

AND NOW-- THEY ARE A CURSE,
A RAMBLING TRIO OF EVIL
SPREADING DEATH AND RUN
ACROSS THE FACE OF
AMERICA-- THEY MUST
BE STOPPED!

THEY SHALL
BE STOPPED!
NO MATTER
WHERE THEY
TRAVEL WE
SHALL NOT BE
FAR BEHIND!

THE SWORD AND HIS ALLIES
TAKE UP THE TRAIL OF THE
FLEEING TRIO OF CRIME!---
IT LEADS TO A SHOP IN
SAN FRANCISCO---

DEAD!
HIS NECK
SNAPPED!

CASH REGISTER
EMPTY!

ACROSS THE FERTILE
FARM LANDS OF
CALIFORNIA---

HE MUST HAVE
SEEN AND TRIED
TO STOP THEM!

ACROSS THE PAINTED DESERTS OF THE AMERICAN WEST!

HO! THIS IS
WONDERFUL!

WHY IS
GOOD SPORT!

GOOD SPORT-- YES!
BUT IT DOES NOT
ACCOMPLISH OUR
FEATHERS' WORK!



AAAAH, BONANZA CITY. A GHOST TOWN!
MAYBE WE CAN FIND SHELTER FOR
THE NIGHT!



HO!HO! WHEN
WE ARE FINISHED
ALL AMERICA SHALL
LOOK LIKE THIS!

YES! IT SHALL
BE ONE HUGE
GHOST TOWN
POPULATED
BY ONLY
THE DEAD!



PEOPLE!PEOPLE! HAVE
COME BACK!



WHAT'S THAT?

A MAD MAN!

BONANZA CITY
WILL BE BIG
AGAIN!BRIGHT
AGAIN!WINE WILL
FLOW IN THE
GUTTERS,GOLD
WILL BE LIKE
DIRT!



AAAGH-AMERICAN PIG! I KILL!

NO!WAIT!HE
SPEAKS OF GOLD.
HE GETS MORE
INTERESTING!

THERE'S GOLD ENOUGH
FOR EVERYONE!WELCOME
TO BONANZA CITY!
GOLD!GOLD!THERE'S
GOLD IN BONANZA CITY.
NOW THERE SHALL BE
LIFE AGAIN!



EVERYONE WILL COME TO BONANZA
CITY-- FROM THE FARMS AND THE
CITIES!BONANZA CITY SHALL BOOM
AGAIN!EUREKA!

MAYBE HE'S
NOT SO MAD!
MAYBE THERE
IS GOLD HERE!





LIKE WILDFIRE, NEWS OF THE GOLD STRIKE AT BONANZA CITY MAKES MEN LEAVE THEIR FAMILIES...

GOLD AT BONANZA CITY!

LET'S GO FOR IT! WE'LL GET OUR SHARE!



THEIR FARMS...

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE HARVEST?

DEVIL TAKE THE HARVEST! I'M GOING TO FIND GOLD!



THE WAR PLANTS...

YOUR SON'S IN THE ARMY! YOU'RE LETTING HIM DOWN IF YOU QUIT YOUR JOB!

SO WHAT? WHEN HE COMES HOME HIS FATHER WILL BE A MILLIONAIRE!



THE ARMED FORCES...

THE MEN ARE GOING AWOL BY THE HUNDREDS, SINCE THE REPORT OF GOLD AT BONANZA CITY IS DRIVING THEM MAD!



FROM ALL CORNERS OF THE LAND PEOPLE STREAM INTO BONANZA CITY!

WONDERFUL! THEY COME FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE! THIS EXODUS OF MAN POWER WILL Cripple AMERICA'S WAR EFFORT!



BUT WHILE A NATION FORGETS ITS DUTIES IN A MAD RUSH FOR GOLD THREE BURN FOUNDRIES STILL PURSUE A WILDLIFESS TRAIL! WE'LL FOLLOW THEM ACROSS THE CONTINENT IF WE MUST!



BEAD! A GOLD RUSH!

LOOK! THAT'S OLD TOM CONNALLY FROM THE ASSEMBLY LINE IN THE BLAKE PLANT!

BUT WHAT'S HE DOING HERE? HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE WORKING!





OH WHAT A PLAN! THE MOST PERFECT ONE OF MY CAREER! NOT ONLY HAVE I WRECKED THE UNITED STATES ECONOMIC SYSTEM, BUT HAVE IRREPARABLY RUNNER ALL PRODUCTION SCHEDULES WHAT POWER AND MUSCLE AND ALL THE FUSHERS! PLANS COULD NOT ACCOMPLISH--



I ACCOMPLISHED BY USE OF MY SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE (AND THE PEOPLE WHO RETURN PENNILESS ARE DISGRUNTLED WITH THE NATION, ANGRY BECAUSE THEY HAVE FAILED! ---- WHAT'S THAT? ----



SO SHERIFF AND DEPUTY, EH?

HIDING BEHIND AMERICAN LAW BADGES, EH?



GET OUT INTO THE OPEN! IT SWELLS BAD IN HERE!



HAVE A FOOT!



SO SH-ES AROUND TOO? HERE'S SOMETHING FOR HER! CATCH!

MORGANA! MORGANA!



NICE CATCH!



BATTER UP! PITCHER DOWN!





SO THE SWORD AND THE LANCER!
MAYBE I CAN LEND MY BOYS A HAND!



AND DYNAMITE!



ENEMIES OF
THE FELLER!
DE!



BOOM!



THEY'RE UNCONSCIOUS!



AND THIS TIME I'LL
FINISH THEM!





Hoosegow

By Cliff

JEFF PERKINS leaped the reins over the mounting post and thrust his fat saddlebag into the bag house. Uncovering his white head, he settled his wiry frame into a swivel chair and laid the bag and his gun on the desk before him.

He pulled a thick wad of greenbacks from the bag. It was payday at the JP spread.

The upper door at his back whined. Jeff stuffed the wad back into the bag, grabbed his gun, and flipped his chair around.

In the doorway stood a horseman, head bowed under the frame of the opening. In his bag right hand he grasped a six-shooter. A pair of wolfish eyes glowered between his low-worn Stetson and the black kerchief smothering his nose and jaws.

"Drop your hair, paw," the masked man commanded in a low, even voice. "Don't want to unravel cartridges on an old man."

The gun slipped from Jeff's numb fingers. His eyes, pale blue with age, fixed themselves on the horseman's mask as if to rip it aside. The bandit poked up the rancher's gun, shoved it in a drawer of the desk. Holding his own weapon, he unrolled a length of rope from his saddle and bound the old man's wrists to the arms of the chair.

Jeff, twisting suddenly, attempted to snatch off the mask. But his aged muscles were no match for the steel screws of his captor. The horseman straightened, grasped the saddlebag from the desk, and pressed a slim, cold object between the rancher's hand and the arm of the chair.

"When you get home, paw, return that key to Pete Hardesty with my compliments." The bandit swung through the door onto the porch. "And when the Robbers brothers call, tell 'em that paw about the early bird."

The bandit swung into the saddle of a twitching white stallion. Then a cloud of dust, which lengthened toward the horizon into a huge, woolly worm, marked the man's departure.

A wild clatter of hoof's broke Jeff's distraught musings. Through the door tramped a pair of whickered, dark-faced peons.

"Come right in, boys!" Jeff called cheerily. "I reckon introductions ain't necessary. You're Jess and Tito Robbers the border hawks we been hearing so much about in these parts, ain't you?"

The Robbers brothers halted. Amusement showed on their greasy faces. Stubbled peons hung limply and gun hands dropped to sides.

"You're kinda late, boys!" Jeff nodded towards the crest of the rise visible through the screen. "The Lone Wolf ask me to give you the bird. You can see him if you look quick."

The Mexicans glanced cautiously over sloped

shoulders, not sure what sort of rise the old man would pull. But on the horizon, silhouetted against the bedding van, a distant figure seemed in silent grating, then vanished under the rim of the pasture.

"If you're pulling our leg," Tito Robbers growled darkly, "you're going to die of snake head poison!" He jiggled the trigger meaningly.

Jeff shrugged. "See for yourselves, boys. But you better make it pronto. The JP wouldn't be pulling in soon for check."

The Mexicans hesitated. Then they broke for the door. "If we no find pay on these Lone Wolf," Tito yelled from his graying horse, "we be back!"

The peon faded from the rancher's lips. He watched the dark-skinned bandits pull for the horizon, then let his head old chin sink on his breast.

THE Lone Wolf flung his arm over the streaking white tail of his mount and fired a rapid of shots. The dust, pelting figures on the rear horizon retorted with a popping salvo. But the swiftly fading wings of night made the exchange no more than a hasty tongue duel.

Presently a square, one-story building rose from the shadows. The Lone Wolf dismounted, fired a parting shot, and sprung through the open door with the JP payroll.

Inside, he flung up the lid of a chest and stowed the saddlebag within. Hanging his revolver on a nail on a rafter, where it was invisible from the open doorway, he seated himself at the table beneath. He struck a match to the oil lamp on the table.

The tiny light wavered, cast a dim, flickering halo about the table. As he waited, the Lone Wolf reached under the table and poked up the end of a rope which he latched to one ankle. Then he lightened his mask.

The drum of hoofs swelled in rising cadence, then abruptly ceased. There was a moment of lurching scuffling outside the door. Suddenly two forms plunged in from the opening, guns shining blue-ly in black gown.

"Look them up, Sonar Wolf!" Jess Robbers ordered.

Grimacing from ear to ear so that their white teeth flashed, the peons advanced upon the Wolf. "Where is eat, there direct?" Tito demanded.

Slowly the masked man elevated himself to his normal six feet three. As he hoisted his arms his knuckles scraped the rafter. Suddenly, as he backed, the front door banged shut.

Jess glanced nervously at the door, then growled: "Quick—where is eat?"

Trap

Howe

The Wolf nodded toward the chest. Tito prodded the masked man for weapons and, finding none, approached the chest. Jesse backed to the door, keeping his gun leveled on the Wolf.

Jesse leaned his shoulders against the door, left behind him with his left hand for the latch. It didn't budge.

"The door," the Wolf said from behind his mask, "is provided with a snap lock of special construction. It can not be opened from inside or out without the key." He shook his ankle free of the rope.

Then Jesse saw the keychain line which trailed from a nail in the base of the door to the masked man's foot. "Ah-ha! A trick! You think to lock Jesse and Tito in! Jesse, keep your gun on Senator Wolf while I shoot away these lock."

Jesse lifted the lid of the chest and trained his gun on the Wolf. With his left hand he dipped into the box and, lips spread into a wide grin, brought up the swollen saddlebag.

The sewing about, sent a bullet crashing into the mechanism of the lock. He tried the door, but it held firm. He sent another slug, then another.

Jesse knocked down the lid of the chest with his elbow, set the bag on top, and dipped in with greedy fingers.

The Wolf watched through slitted lids. He counted the explosions of Tito's gun. Three—four—five—six—

Jesse plunged his hand to the bottom of the sack. A sudden head of dizziness reared from his gaping mouth. He jerked his hand from the saddlebag. On the tips of his fingers hung a large and tremendous rat trap. Tito whirled about, digging for shells for his empty revolver.

QUICKLY as a striking snake the Wolf's hand darted along the rafters overhead. Down came his gun, spurring flame and lead. Jesse's yowls crescendoed. The revolver clattered from his hand. Across the knuckles of his right hand appeared a deep and bloody cross.

With a swift, vaulting motion the Wolf cleared the table.

As Tito brought his gun up for action, it suddenly jumped from his grasp under the sweeping hand of his adversary.

The masked man holstered his six-shooter, seized the Mexican by the neck with his left hand, and drove the snarling teeth upwards with his right. He dropped the senseless peon and turned. Jesse was on his knees, reaching for the gun he had lost.

"Just pass that smoke-thrower up here," the masked man said quietly, flipping his six-gun into line with the Mexican's nose.

Jesse handed over his weapon, inserted it in his belt. He perched on the edge of the chest where he cowered at the rat trap with his wounded right hand, a wearisome expression on his oily, stubbled face.

The Wolf holstered his gun and freed his peon's left hand. Then he bound the man's bleeding wound.

"What is our plan to do now, senator?" Jesse cracked.

"To keep you here."

"To keep us here?" incredulity spread on Jesse's face. "Alive?"

"Sure thing." The Wolf flicked the mask off. "This here is the jail."

"Jail?" Jesse shrieked. He gaped into the tan, weathered face of his captor. "But is Senator Cleaver?"

A key scraped in the lock. The stout door swung outwards, and a red-faced man with drooping black mustache strode into the room, gun in hand. Behind him scurried Jeff Perkins, a gun in each hand.

The old rancher jabbed a gun in the Wolf's direction. "There's the thief who's stuck me up, then give me the key, Pete. And there are the Nevins who went hanging after him."

Sheriff Pete Hardisty rolled his eyes from Jeff to the Wolf. "Why, he ain't no stick-up hombre, Jeff. This here's On Clinton of the Texas border patrol. He ask me for the key to the jug this morning. Said he'd have a couple of rats to shove in before night was out."

"Well, I'll be a proper tree toad!" Jeff bellowed his exultation. "Glad to seecha, On. But what was the idea of swiping the JP pay dirt and then hog-tying me to that chair?"

The Lone Wolf grinned. "I'd get wind that the Robbers brothers had drifted north and I trailed them to Pleasant Valley. When I overheard Jesse asking the cashier at the bank what time you was due, I knew what he was planning. But I didn't want to grab him without his brother, so I let him go."

"I decided the only way to get both these sels made of a jail was to line it with greenbacks. If I hadn't tied you down, Jeff, you'd be so full of holes now you wouldn't float in brine. You see, down on the border we know that Jesse and Tito never shoot before they get the loot."

PAUL REVERE JR.

PALL REVERE JR. PLANNED TWO PATRIOTIC DEEDS WHEN HE SET OUT FOR A DAYS WORK TO RELIEVE THE MAN-POWER SHORTAGE AND TO EARN MONEY FOR THE SALE OF WAR BONDS. HE CERTAINLY HAD NO INTENTION OF SMASHING HEADLONG INTO A SPY RING THAT WOULD COME WITHIN A HANDS BREADTH OF TAKING HIS LIFE TOGETHER WITH HIS FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE AMERICA AWAKE CLUB.



JUST GET THE
PRESCRIPTION
FILLED.

YES DOCTOR,
I UNDERSTAND!





IT IS HERE! CLEAR
THE WAYS FOR
CONTACT!

IMMEDIATELY!
WE ARE READY!



AMERICAN CONVOY 581/HOUR
RUE POSITION ON BY N H W 32°



VERY
GOOD!



AGAIN WE ARE SUCCESSFUL!
OUR ESPIONAGE SYSTEM ON THE
COAST IS EXCELLENT!

AND SO SIMPLE
THE AMERICAN
FOOLS WILL
NEVER DISCOVER
IT!



A FEW DAYS LATER.....

THE PRESCRIPTION IS READY--
BUT WHERE IS THAT FOOL OF
A MESSENGER?

PROBABLY DRUNK AGAIN! THE
FOOL! HE WILL HAVE TO
BE REMOVED! THIS
PRESCRIPTION MUST BE
DELIVERED IMMEDIATELY!



AT THAT MOMENT PAUL REVERE JR IS IN SEARCH
OF WORK IN ORDER TO EARN MONEY FOR
THE PURCHASE OF WAR BONDS!

COULD YOU USE
A DELIVERY BOY,
MISTER?

WHY YES!
YES WE COULD!



WELL, THAT WAS
AN EASY JOB
TO GET!





SHALL I FINISH HIM
WITH THE GUN?

NO! THIS WAY IT
WILL LOOK LIKE AN
ACCIDENT THERE
WILL BE NO
INVESTIGATION!

WHEN THAT WAS CLOSE 'GOOD'
THINGS I SPOTTED THEM AND
JUMPED!



I GUESS I OUGHT TO GO RIGHT
TO THE POLICE AND REPORT
THIS BUT I HAVE NO REAL PROOF
I'D BETTER DIG UP SOME
EVIDENCE FIRST!



THAT NIGHT, PAUL AND HIS FELLOW
MEMBERS OF THE AMERICA ANIME
CLUB, PAT HENRY AND BETSY ANN,
RETURN TO THE SCENE OF THE
DAYS ADVENTURE ---

WE'D BETTER LEAVE THE
DOGS HERE!



TRESPASSERS! AFTER
THEM, BOYS ---



THE DOGS! QUICK!
UP THAT TREE!



THIS WAY! WE
CAN GET INTO
THE BARN!

QUICK! BEFORE
SOMEONE COMES
OUT OF THE
HOUSE!







FOR ACTION, ADVENTURE, AND THRILLS KEEP YOUR EYES ON PAUL REVERE JR. IN EVERY ISSUE OF SUPER MYSTERY!